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'Miss Dougall.'

On Sunday afternoon, February 21st, Janet Elizabeth Dougall passed through death to the larger service and reward in the heavenly land. She has been so long and so lovingly known to our readers, and to such a wide circle of temperance and missionary workers, that we know they will welcome this, her latest and best picture.

When attending the World's W.C.T.U. Convention at Geneva, last year, Miss Dougall first became seriously ill, and though recovering sufficiently to return to her home in Montreal, she had ever since been in a very weak state. On Wednesday, February 17, she had a severe apoplectic stroke, and though not at first completely unconscious, became so on Thursday night, and remained in that condition until on Sunday evening she 'fell asleep.'

The farewell services in Calvary Church, of which she was an original member, were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hill, Principal of the Congregational College, her former pastor.

Miss Dougall's life was full of helpfulness upon many lines. In literary work, her editing of the 'New Dominion Monthly' and her oversight of the Home Department, Children's Corner and World's Welfare department of the 'Witness,' and her management of the 'Northern Messenger,' made her influence known and herself loved in many homes. The older readers, too, will remember how much her writings in the early days of the modern hygiene and health and dress reform movement did to bring in the better conditions of to-day.

Her temperance work was beautifully recognized by a floral emblem sent by the W.C.T.U., bearing the inscription, 'Our Leader.' Over twenty years ago she was the leader in organizing the W.C.T.U. in Montreal, and later throughout Canada. For many years she had been President of the County Union, and had held various offices in the Provincial, Dominion and World's W.C.T.U. organizations.

JANET ELIZABETH DOUGALL.

Born July 4th, 1845.
Died Feb. 21st, 1904.

'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' —Dan. xii., 3.

To her also was largely due the inception and growth of the Canada Congregational Woman's Board of Missions, and in the home and foreign missionary work of her own church she was a moving spirit; though, far beyond that, she was deeply interested in the work of all the churches.

But beyond this more public work, there are many who gratefully remember her quiet ways of personal helpfulness, her care for them when tired or sick, and her counsel so often sought by those in trouble.

Behind all her work, her breadth and charity of thought, her power of organization, and the value of her public speaking and leadership, the secret of her rich outgoing life lay in a very deep consecration and an unusually close walk with God. Like one of old, she 'endured as seeing him who is invisible.'

Hiding herself as far as possible, never putting her name where it could be omitted, and preferring to work through others, she was all the more blessed in fruitful labor for the Master. In proportion to their knowledge of her life, its rich influence upon individuals has been felt by those who knew her to have been her greatest work.

The members of the family, children of 'John Dougall of 'The Witness'' who survive Miss Dougall, are her brothers, Mr. John Redpath Dougall, of the Montreal 'Witness'; Mr. James Duncan Dougall, of the New York 'Witness'; Dr. Susan Dougall, of Montreal, and Miss Lily Dougall, of Exmouth, England, the author of a number of widely read stories.

God Rules the World.

Abraham Lincoln, during the darkest period of the civil war, said: 'The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.' Mr. Lincoln also said: 'I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.' Faith in the over-ruling providence of God is beautifully expressed by the Rev. Wm. A. Gay in the following lines:

'When adverse forces block my way,
And turn to night my every day,
How grand the thought if I can say,
"My Father rules the world!"

'When all the lights of earth are out,
And budding hope gives place to doubt,
Blest be the faith which bids me shout,
"My Father rules the world!"

'When sorrow steeps my heart in woe,
And robs my little heaven below,
Grief is my friend if I cannot know
"My Father rules the world!"

'And when I reach the borderland,
And grasp my Saviour by the hand,
This truth I then shall understand,
"My Father rules the world!"'

The Irreverent Use of the Holy Scripture.

He was a doctor in divinity, a man of power and of influence. The occasion was a school commencement. This highly respected minister was the leading speaker. In the course of his address, he quoted a text from the Scriptures, from the words of our Lord. There was a loud laugh all over the room.

He seemed greatly delighted at his success as a fun-maker. He knew that that text thus quoted in this entirely unintended application would create that ripple of laughter, but he might have known that he was giving pain to some who were present, and that he was destroying for others all possibility of their ever being seriously impressed with the weighty truth contained in the text which he had so flippantly used that day. He had brought holy words into ludicrous surroundings. He had treated the sentences which fell from his Master's lips as if they were the jests squeaked out by the clown in a circus, He did not know how great was the harm he had done.

How can anyone use the Scriptures irreverently? We might think that the slightest realization of what they contain would check every attempt at making merry with its words or incidents. We are not considering now that irreverent use which indicates utter unbelief and hatred, and which becomes shocking, but simply the quotation of the words and incidents of the Scriptures to point a jest and raise a laugh.

In many instances no harm is intended, but harm is done all the same. Without going very far into the subject, and without the many reasons against this species of irreverence, let it be said that if there were no other reason for omitting it, it would be sufficient to know that when ludicrous association is made with a text or an incident it is apt to stick to

it. Whenever you think of the text the other is recalled.

Let it be a part of our reverence, then, to treat the sacred Scriptures as containing God's revelation of truth and life to men.—'American Church Sunday-school Magazine.'

A Witness

Several years ago, one dark winter's night, as we were travelling on a certain railway, a stalwart Irishman entered the car and asked if a section had been reserved for Mr. S——, says a writer in the 'American Friend.' Several men followed him, bringing in their arms a fine-looking young man, who, though only about thirty years of age, was stricken down with paralysis and was utterly helpless.

Tenderly they laid him upon the couch and left him in charge of the man who had first entered. Of course we could not help observing this man who was so strong and full of life. The contrast with his companion was most noticeable.

We soon found that his care was unceasing and most tender and gentle. He seemed to anticipate every wish and was constantly watching to make the invalid more comfortable.

I have seldom seen a face which impressed me as did the face of that Irishman. It shone with inward light and one felt that a kind heart was there. Soon we heard earnest talking; the tones were low and gentle, but the words revealed the secret of the man's life.

Mr. S—— had apparently said that it was hard to have such a blow come on his life, and after a little talk, which we did not hear, his companion said that Joseph had no thought, when he was so cruelly sold into Egypt, that God meant him to save so many lives and to receive so much honor for himself; and Moses and David little thought in the dark hours of their lives, of what was before them, and that those whom our Father meant to specially bless were those who most severely felt his hand laid upon them. He said: 'Your Father's hand is laid upon you, Mr. S——, to bring you to your Saviour, who died for you and for me.' Most earnestly they talked, the Irishman using such beautiful language that one wondered to hear him.

He said: 'I cannot help talking of my Master, for my heart is full of him. You know if you had lost a pocket-book full of United States bonds, you would talk about that; or if you had fine horses and furniture, you would talk about them, or whatever your heart was full of you would talk about. Jesus died for me, and now that he lives on high he loves me and has saved me and I must talk about him.' Mr. S—— urged him to lie down and make himself comfortable for the night, but he declined to leave him and all through the weary night he cared for his friend with the greatest tenderness.

In the morning we were much delayed in reaching our destination, and fearing the long fast would cause Mr. S—— to grow faint, I beckoned to his attendant, and offered some nice biscuit which I had in my bag. We chatted a little and he told me of Mr. S——'s sudden illness and that he was taking him home to his wife and child. I said:

'You have Christ's peace in your heart and in your face.'

'Ah, young lady,' he said, 'Christ is everything to me. He has loved me with an everlasting love and makes me abide in him. For four years now I have known what it was to abide in him and live in him, though for thirty years before I had been a professor; but there is a great difference between being a professor and being a possessor. Now I must speak for him, and I am not afraid to strike hard at the old man Adam if I may only overcome him and help others to find Jesus.'

I cannot tell you what a lesson this was to me, who for so many years had had a name to live, and yet was dead, and I hope that all my life I shall have reason to thank God for that ride in the cars and that humble Christian man.—'Union Gospel News.'

Something About Tenths.

(Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The question of proportionate giving is evidently one that interests many people. The letters which have come concerning it are very numerous. I propose to give you crumbs from them. In these quotations I am chiefly after experiences. Listen to this:

'When I began giving a tenth of my earnings to the Lord, I was surprised to find how far below that amount I had been satisfied with before. There came a time when I thought I couldn't do without the Lord's part. I was earning only ten dollars a month, and had to pay my board and help my parents. I had a fierce battle and got behind with my tenth that first year; but I made it up afterwards, and added a little thankoffering. The first year I was only able to give a little over nine dollars; but last year I gave twenty-four, and I have had money and greater blessing in every way since I settled it that I ought to give my tenth. I don't think I shall ever again keep what rightly belongs to Christ, no matter how much I seem to need it. If we trust him, he knows how to make nine-tenths cover all our needs.'

All conscientious people will undoubtedly agree with this conclusion. If the writer has decided that God calls for her tenth there is of course no question for her to consider. It must be remembered, however, that we are not discussing whether or not the Lord shall have 'his own,' and all phrases of that kind are more or less misleading. The question is whether or not in these days the rule of the tenth is binding; or, if not binding, is it always practicable and, on the whole, the wisest way to give? Conscientious Christians differ radically as to the first question. For the present we will pass it and give our thoughts chiefly to the matter of practicability. Here is another witness:

'I began two years ago under exceedingly adverse circumstances to tithe my income. It took a good deal of determination, but I want to witness that I have not been sorry. It seems to me that if we believe in God we should . . . tithe every cent that comes to us. God first, and personal debts afterwards. My experience has been that in tithing first, regardless of the seeming insufficiency of funds, "always" unexpected money comes, to prove to us that God keeps his promises. It is simply amazing the way in which provision is made for us!'

There are many letters giving a like testimony, so many, and from so reliable sources, that it becomes us who hear of them to consider thoughtfully and prayerfully whether or not we as Christians are being liberal enough when it comes to this matter of stewardship. Let me quote again:

'In this age of rushing for money it seems to me that we Christians can prove our love for and faith in God by tithing. Because it is only when we do such an apparently unpractical thing—giving away money when it seems most necessary to keep it—that we show truly our trust in a real personal God who has pledged himself in our behalf, and asked us to prove him. But it seems to me a wrong use of the tithe to give out of it for any purpose to one's own family; it shows a lack of confidence in God.'

The logic of that last point is doubtful. When it comes to having confidence in God, why should we not have it for our neighbor as well as for members of our own family? The question is simply: Is this need in my family connection a case in which the Lord calls upon me to show my faith by my works, and is the call outside of regular legitimate obligations, which in the natural course of events would fall to me?

Here this witness:

'I think this "tenth" business is a wonderful thing. People who have never tried it do not know what they are missing. Since I began it I have had more to give, outside of my tenth, I mean, than I used to have. I have often helped my married sister with my tenth money, because I couldn't do it in any other way, and I knew, if a neighbor was in such straits as she had been, I would help her quickly. God has blessed me in this, and in other bits of help, and I see my way clear to doing more. I am very happy in my regular giving, since I learned how to do it.'

And this one: 'This matter of tenth-giving has troubled me much; if it is what God wishes, then I certainly want to do it; but it has seemed an impossibility. I borrowed money to complete my education, and the sum is not yet paid. I have a sister who needed help in getting her education, and I helped her. Our father and mother are in poor health, and are heavily burdened. I am counted a successful teacher; yet my salary is small, and must be divided among several. If what I can send mother for "oranges," and father to help with the coal bill, is counted in my Lord's sight as for him, why, then, I may hope even yet to attain to the "tenth." I work through the summer vacations at whatever I can get to do, to help with the needs at home; and in every way I have done my best.'

Those quotations speak for themselves. I have space for but one more.

'I am the working member in a family of five; it takes all I can earn to make the ends meet. About five years ago wife and I decided to commence tithing our income. We were one hundred dollars in debt, and, from a human standpoint, it looked impossible to live on twelve dollars a week, minus one dollar and twenty cents for tithes, without getting farther in debt; but we did it. At the end of the first year we found ourselves free from debt, and we now have a little money in the savings-bank. We believe that God will fulfil his promise if we do our part. Not long after our tithing began my wages were raised unexpectedly to fifteen dollars a week. In many ways we see God's hand in our affairs. Only last winter I was able to get my coal very cheap, and the way it does last is a constant surprise to us. It makes us think of the widow's "cruse of oil" that failed not. My verdict is, Give God his due, trust him, and he will not fail you.'

I wonder whether it will interest you to know that these quotations come from Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and California. There are many more, but there has been no dissenting voice, and the weight of testimony is assuredly on the side of the blessedness of giving.

BOYS AND GIRLS

John MacNeal's Worst Enemy

'There, Nell, it's come at last!' John MacNeal banged his dinner pail upon the kitchen table, though it was only eight o'clock in the morning, and he did not usually come home until half-past six at night.

'Why, John! what has happened? Has the mill shut down, or is the supply of wool short?'

'Neither. I've quit.'

'What do you mean?'

'What I say. Sheldon Darrow came into the spinning room this morning, as big and pompous as you please, but before he could open his lips I steps up to him and says: "Oh, you needn't trouble yourself to discharge me; I always intended that when you stepped into your father's shoes, I'd shake the dust of Darrow's mills off mine." So I puts on my hat, and off I walks.'

'What did he say?'

'Oh, he was as smooth and soft as butter; tried to make me think he didn't intend to discharge me, but I knew better; he and I have been enemies ever since we were little fellows at school.'

'What made you enemies?'

'Well,' thoughfully, 'I guess it started the day that he missed a word in spelling; I remember it all so well, even the way our feet looked as we toed the crack in the floor; he wore fine kid shoes, while my feet were bare; but I spelled the word that he missed, and I couldn't keep from laughing when I went above him. Then, after school, he pitched into me.'

'Because you got above him!'

'Of course! Though his excuse was that I acted mean about it. He was large for his age—is yet, you know—while I was always small, and of course he gave me a licking.

'I don't remember that we ever had another regular pitched battle, though we were always quarrelling, until we were each of us about sixteen. His father had given him a driving horse—a handsome thoroughbred, and my father had, at that time, an old roan that had been a famous race-horse, and could even then trot pretty lively for a few rods.

'One day Sheldon was out driving with his dandy rig, and I drove up behind him. Just for fun, I told him to give me the right o' way. He touched his whip to his horse and turned out enough to let me by if I could. I put the whip to Old Roan and we were in for a race. My! how old Roan's feet did fly! He kept creeping by, creeping by, until Sheldon could look into old Roan's eye, then into mine; then the old horse's age began to tell on him, and I could see that we were going to lose the race, so I reined in, as if I was going to run into Sheldon's wheel. He sang out, "Take care!" and held up his horse, while I whipped by just as easy.

'Then he got mad; called me a cheat and said I was always mean. I wouldn't stand that, so we out of our buggies and had another tussle. He licked me again—and I haven't forgotten it any more than he has. Catch me working for him!'

'But, John, what will you do? You have never done any work except in the spinning-room in Darrow's mills.' Nell MacNeal took Bonnie, the baby, from the cradle and held her close, as if to shield her from coming danger.

'Don't be afraid, Nell, I guess I can support you and Bonnie and Ned without having to knuckle to Sheldon Darrow. If worse comes to worst, there's something in the bank that's good for a rainy day. Put Bonnie's little cloak and hood on her now and I'll take her out; it's a long time since I had a holiday.'

It proved harder to get work, however, than John had expected; the little town was almost wholly composed of mill workmen and their families, and they hired no work done. Day after day he walked the streets in a vain search for work, and by the time Bonnie could walk, the little hoard in the bank had been drawn upon many times, and before her second summer had been passed there were no savings left, and all the days were 'rainy.'

Then Ned, the eight-year-old boy, had a long illness, and they were forced to go into debt so deeply that none of the merchants would trust them longer. As hardships multiplied, John's hatred of Sheldon Darrow increased, a hatred that was not shared by his little daughter, Bonnie, who embraced every chance that came to her to run away to the 'big house,' as she called Sheldon Darrow's home.

One evening, when John was returning from a fruitless search for work, he saw Bonnie upon Sheldon Darrow's beautiful lawn. He was picking flowers for her and she had her arms and apron full, and was chattering gaily with him.

'Bonnie! Bonnie MacNeil!' John called angrily, 'come here this minute.'

She ran, obediently, to her father, but not until she had lifted her little face to Sheldon's for a kiss.

'See, papa, pitty f'owers, dood man div 'em to Bonnie.'

'He's a bad, bad, man, Bonnie!' And John snatched the flowers, threw them into the street, and took Bonnie into his arms so forcibly that she shrieked with fright.

After this they watched her more carefully, but sometimes she would slip over there, and always returned with her arms full of flowers, and prattling about the 'Dood man.'

That winter times were harder than ever before, for John MacNeal and his family. Bonnie could not go out of doors—her clothes were too thin, and Ned could not go to school for want of clothes.

Once Nell had ventured to suggest that John should try to get employment in the mill, and he had answered angrily:

'Never! I'd rather starve than be beholden to Sheldon Darrow for a crust of bread!'

'It will not be a gift, if you earn it, John.'

'I wouldn't take money from him, not even as wages; he wouldn't hire me anyhow, we're enemies, and always have been.'

'They are so short of hands that they are advertising for them,' persisted Nell.

'He won't get me by advertising, or any other dodge.'

And not even when want entered his door, and they suffered from hunger and cold, would he go to Sheldon Darrow and ask for the work he had thrown away.

'If I don't get work to-day, I'm going to ask the town for help,' John told his wife one morning before he started out.

'John MacNeal! would you rather ask the town for help than Sheldon Darrow for work?'

'Yes, a thousand times rather!' He went out, slamming the door after him; in a moment he stepped back with a large bundle in his hands.

'See, Nell; this was on the doorstep, and it is addressed to Bonnie MacNeal. What can it be?'

They took off the wrapper and found a warm, red cloak, hood, mittens, shoes, stockings and underwear, and pinned to the mittens, a ten-dollar bill, but no clue to the giver.

'You won't have to ask the town for any help to-day!' exclaimed Nell, with thankful tears.

'Nor Sheldon Darrow, either!' John added. 'Dress Bonnie up in the fine clothes. I'll take her with me, and we'll go by Sheldon Darrow's and let him see her. I don't want him to suspect that we are so hard up.'

In a few days another bundle was left upon John's doorstep. This time there were clothes for Ned, and another bill pinned upon his cap.

'Now it's your turn to let Sheldon see you,' were John's first words; but Nell's were:

'I wish I knew who it is that is so good to us.'

That wish was repeated many times that winter, for many bundles were left upon John's doorstep, and though he and Nell watched they could never catch a glimpse of the friend who left them.

Toward spring Bonnie was taken ill, and even while they were talking about sending for the doctor, he came.

'I don't know when I can pay you, doctor, but Bonnie must have medicine or she will die.' John choked over the first trouble that brought a lump to his throat.

'I was paid before I came,' said the doctor, as he seated himself by Bonnie's bed.

'Who paid you, doctor?'

'The one who sent me.'

'Yes; but who? Oh, tell us, Doctor,' pleaded Nell. 'Someone has been so good to us all winter. We would have starved if it had not been for his kindness; it must be the same one who sent you.'

'Tell us, Doctor, and let us have the chance to say we are grateful,' John urged with unwonted eagerness.

'I promised not to tell; but I did not say that you shouldn't guess for yourselves, and I think you ought to know,' the doctor hinted.

'We can't guess. Who would be likely to do as much for us?' asked John.

'In a case of this kind think of the most unlikely person,' suggested the doctor.

'Sheldon Darrow's the most unlikely to do me a good turn, and I don't want him to, either.' The angry light that the mention of Sheldon Darrow's name always bought, came into John's eyes.

'Now we will attend to little Bonnie,' the doctor quietly proceeded, taking the small, hot hand in his.

'Not Sheldon Darrow! The worst enemy that I ever had in my life! Don't tell me that I'm indebted to him for food

clothing and the necessaries that kept us alive this winter!'

'No, he is not your worst enemy!' thundered the doctor. 'You are your own worst enemy. A man who cannot let go of his little boyhood quarrels, but must carry them, and coddle them all through life, will never find a worse enemy than himself!'

'But Sheldon—' John was panting with excitement, and the doctor interrupted him:

'Sheldon has put all those little boyish tiffs behind him, why cannot you, too? Moreover, he loves your little Bonnie as if she were his own, and he would do a great deal for her if you would let him.'

John covered his face with his hands, and groaned:

'Indebted to him for so much!'

'You are indebted to him only for fair treatment and common courtesy,' insisted the doctor.

Nell laid her hand upon John's arm.

'Won't you go and see him?' she pleaded.

He shook off her hand and then left the room; then the outer door slammed. An hour later she saw him coming with Sheldon Darrow, and one look into their faces told that there was no enmity between them.—'The Living Church.'

The Sapphire Pin.

(Susan Teall Perry, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'Well, Molly dear, why is this thus? Why such dire confusion and chaotic conditions among your belongings?' exclaimed Margaret Auten, as she came into her schoolmate's room.

'The perversity of inanimate things, Madge. They vie together to see which can be victor in exasperating me the most. They fairly dote on creating mysterious disappearances. I've been hunting for an hour for my pin, and I can't find it anywhere.'

'You surely can't mean that lovely sapphire pin your father gave you on your bithday, Moll!'

'The very same, Madge. I would not lose it for the world. The last letter I had from home mother wrote: "Be sure and not be careless and lose that beautiful pin, Molly." You see our folks think that I am careless, but I'm not a bit—it's the way things of mine have of getting out of sight just for meanness.'

As Molly spoke these words she was in the act of crawling under the bed in quest of the lost treasure, and after an unsuccessful search she drew her head out and gave it a hard knock on the side of the bed.

'Oh, dear me, Madge, I've hurt myself cruelly.'

'I'm so sorry, dear, but why did you think you might find your pin under the bed when you said you were sure you left it on the bureau? I'll wet my handkerchief in hot water and put it on the bump. You did give it a whack and no mistake.'

'It's almost time for my French lesson and I don't know but very little of it, and what I had learned has been knocked into "pie," as the printers say, by that big thump. Do, dear, sweet Madge, go to Madame and tell her I have a severe headache and ask her to excuse me. She will do it for you, I know—you are one of the chosen ones.'

After Molly's schoolmate left the room, she threw herself face downward on the bed 'and sobbed as if her heart would break,' as some of the girls said who passed the door.

Her friend found her in this state when she returned. Madame had been quite gracious (for her) and Molly was excused.

'To think, Madge, that dear father is away off in the Philippines and may die there and what if that pin should be the last present he will ever give me?'

'Look on the bright side of questions, Moll. Now, I'm going to rearrange all this dire confusion and see if I can find the pin.' Madge was very orderly and soon had the bureau drawers in a better state of subjection than they had ever been under Molly's discipline. But the pin was not found.

'I've just thought of something,' Molly exclaimed, wiping her eyes. 'I believe that little red headed girl who takes care of our rooms stole that pin. When I had it on once she looked at it and said, "Miss Sampson, that's the prettiest pin I ever saw in my life." She was tempted beyond that she could bear when she saw that pin on the bureau and she has taken it.'

'Oh, Molly, you do not know she did, and it does not seem fair for you to come to such a conclusion. It is terrible to accuse others wrongfully. She always seemed like a good sort of a girl to me, and think of all the pretty things we girls leave around in her way and she has never taken any of them.'

'Not to our knowledge, Madge. I am going to Madame and report the loss. I shall tell her my suspicions, too.'

At that moment the little red-headed girl who took care of the rooms came along the hall with a broom in her hand.

'Jane, have you seen anything of my pin. It is missing from my room,' Molly said in a severe tone of voice.

'No, Miss, I have not seen it except the other day when you had it on.'

'Do you remember telling me at that time that it was the prettiest pin you ever saw?'

'Yes, Miss, I do. Oh, it was just lovely. I'm awful sorry you lost it.'

'Do you suppose you could find it, Jane? I will give you a dollar if you produce the pin to-day. I have my suspicions about that pin. I shall report the loss to Madame.'

'I would not take your dollar, Miss. I'd be just too happy for anything to find it for you. I'll tidy up your room again and I'll hunt in every place. Maybe you lost it off your dress when you was outside somewheres.'

'No, because I remember perfectly taking it off and putting it right in that spot on the bureau.' 'Come, Madge,' added Molly, 'I'm going to stay in your room, and let Jane have a clear sweep.'

'Jane,' she called back, 'my father gave me that pin, and he has gone away off to the Philippines and I may never see him again, and I would not lose that pin for the world—remember!'

After the girls had gone into Madge's room some of their mates came in, who had heard of Molly's loss, to condole with her.

'I'm pretty sure Jane will produce that pin. I'm convinced in my own mind she has it, and she knows I'm going to Madame to report the loss.'

Poor Jane swept and garnished every crevice and corner—she moved out all the furniture, but the pin was not forthcoming.

Molly told the Madame of her loss and suspicions. She told everybody. The other maids heard it talked of, and told Jane. Madame questioned Jane very, closely. The young ladies looked at her with suspicious glances, and all passed her by without the usual pleasant greeting. Five dollars reward was offered for the recovery of the pin, then ten dollars, but three weeks passed by and it was not found. The situation was a very trying one for poor Jane, and she gave up her place—a proof of her guilt, as Molly and some of the other girls reasoned. The Madame would not give her a recommendation for another place.

There was going to be a reception at the end of the three weeks at Madame's, and the young ladies were planning to wear their party gowns and were getting them out for the occasion. Molly's had been folded up in the bottom of her own trunk since she came back to school. She was taking out the waist when the missing pin dropped on the floor.

'My pin! my pin!' she exclaimed. 'Now I remember I was bending over the trunk that last night I wore it putting away my organdie dress, and it must have dropped into the trunk. Madge, Madge, girls, all of you,' she called out, running through the hall, 'I've found my pin,' and hurriedly she explained the mystery as she held up the recovered treasurer, 'But Jane, poor Jane,' said Madge.

'Yes, Jane,' said Molly in a sad tone of voice. 'I had not thought of her. What shall I do? Does anybody know where she can be found? I must not delay a minute.'

With the number and street of Jane's whereabouts, Molly put on her wrap and begging Madge to go with her she was soon on her way to make restitution.

'I never had such a hard thing to do in my life, Madge,' she said, as they rode along in the cars. 'I do not know what I can say to undo the wrong. What a bitter lesson I have learned.'

Jane was found in the tenement house in which she made her home. She looked pale and thin and careworn. Molly poured out her whole heart filled with the saddest regrets to her. Would she forgive her?

Oh, yes, Jane would forgive her. Mother would be so glad the pin had been found; it had almost killed mother to think her child had been suspected of a theft, and she had been ill for over a fortnight. Jane had found a place in a shop, but she had to give it up as there was no one to stay with her mother.

Molly looked about the room, she knew they must be very poor. She took her monthly allowance, which she had just received, out of her purse and put it in Jane's hand.

'Nothing can ever recompense you, my dear Jane,' she said with tears, 'for the wrong I have done you, but so long as I live I shall try to show how truly I am sorry for my injustice.'

As Molly and Madge rode home, Molly said, 'I can never have the same respect

for myself again. I shall share part of my allowance with Jane so long as I am in school.'

'This meant a great giving up for Molly,' Madge said, 'for none of the girls liked pretty things to wear and good stuff to eat better than Molly did.'

Madame urged Jane to go back to the boarding school, but she did not wish to go. She wanted to be where she could care for her mother. But she asked the Madame to please to give her 'an honest character paper.'

In Jane's bureau drawer to-day the 'honest character paper' is neatly kept in a box. She is doing piece work in a shop and is a very deft workwoman.

Molly is in the Philippines with her father, but very often the postman stops at the tenement house door with a letter from that part of the world for Jane Barstow.

Henry Ward Beecher in School.

Friends of Henry Ward Beecher repeat a story which he used to tell about his teacher, who taught him to depend upon himself.

'I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering.

'"That lesson must be learned," said the teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I don't want any reason why you haven't it," he would say.

'"I did study it two hours."

'"That is nothing to me. I want the lesson. You may not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours; just suit yourself. I want the lesson."

'It was rough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

'One day his cold voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, "No." I hesitated and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again "No!" uttered in a tone of conviction barred my progress.

'"The next!" And I sat down in red confusion.

'He, too, was stopped with "No!" but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with "Very well."

'"Why," whimpered I, "I recited it just as he did, and you said "No!"'

'"Why didn't you say 'Yes' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says 'No!' your business is to say 'Yes' and prove it."'—'Classmate.'

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Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

The Make-Over Circle

(Frederick E. Burnham, in 'Wellspring.')

The little church at Maplewood had never been free from debt. For fifty years it had struggled on, going from bad to worse. Finally the aged minister died, and then the church rapidly went into a decline. The roof began to leak, some of the panes of glass fell out, and the clapboards contracted a habit of flying off when a particularly strong gust of wind struck them.

The Lord is no more a respecter of places than he is of persons, however, and he poured out his Spirit on that forlorn little country church in a wonderful manner, and more than two score lives were blessed with a new knowledge of the Master.

The sole industry of the town, outside of farming, was the manufacturing of woollen goods. There was one mill which gave employment to several hundred young men and women, and it was among the latter, with three exceptions, that the conversions took place. Forty young women, in spite of the taunts and gibes of their companions, gave their hearts to Christ. There came to them the desire to repair the dilapidated little church where they had received so great a blessing.

John McLane owned the mill. Twenty years previous he had been a deacon in the church, but his religion, like the church, was sadly in need of repair. It was to this man that Amelia Graham appealed for aid, confident that he would lend a helping hand.

'What can I do for you, miss?' demanded the business man as Amelia entered his office one morning. His voice was sharp and querulous.

'I wish to speak with you in regard to the condition of the church,' said the girl, looking fearlessly into the cold, gray eyes of the old man.

'Well, what of it?' he asked fretfully.

'We girls,—there are forty of us in the mill,—want to have the church repaired, and we thought perhaps you would assist us in the matter.'

'Not a penny,' said the manufacturer, rising hastily from his desk, 'not one penny until that old debt of one thousand dollars is paid. When that is settled come to me and I will see that all necessary repairs are made.'

Tears were very near her eyes as the girl turned to leave, but she did not permit the old man to suspect them. Thanking him for his offer, while confident that he was secretly laughing at her, she took her leave.

'How can we raise the thousand dollars?' was the question she addressed to her fellow-operatives at her home that evening. Half a dozen plans were suggested and each was disposed of in turn as being impracticable. 'There is one way in which we can raise the money, girls,' said Amelia, at length, 'though it means lots of sacrifice on our part.'

'Why, I would be willing to go without a new dress or cloak for a whole year, if we could accomplish it,' said one young woman.

'How many of you would be willing to do that?' said Amelia. Thirty-nine hands were raised.

'Shall I consider this a vote, then, that you will content yourselves for one year with made-over garments?' asked Amelia. 'Shall we do this for the sake of Christ and the church?' That evening they formed a society with the purpose of liquidating the church debt, and it pleased them to name it 'The Maplewood Make-over Circle.'

John McLane presently learned of the 'Make-over Circle' and its object, and he said something about its fizzling out very soon, but the weeks became months and still there was no sign of weakening on the part of the girls. The made-over clothes became more and more threadbare, it must be admitted, but the account in the bank to the credit of the circle grew correspondingly as each member of the circle handed the treasurer weekly sums varying from fifty cents to a dollar.

The allotted year was drawing to a close. One morning Amelia Graham was informed by the foreman that she was wanted in the office.

'Miss Graham, I believe,' said McLane, as she entered the office.

'Yes, sir,' she replied.

'Being president of the bank where the funds of the Make-Over Circle are on deposit, naturally I have learned of the amount to your credit,' said the mill-owner. 'This morning I discovered that there was a trifle over a thousand dollars on deposit in the name of the circle, and in accordance with my promise of a year ago, I have placed the church in the hands of a contractor who will see that everything about it is thoroughly overhauled. Further, I have talked the matter over with the leading members of the church, and it has been decided to secure a pastor, and sufficient means for his support for a year, at least, have been subscribed.'

Rufus

(Margaret Horner Clyde, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

When the long spring days come and I see the sunshine glint along the living green of the grass, my thoughts drift back across the years to my own springtime, and I am a little girl again upon the dandelion-starred lawn in my father's first parish. Perhaps no one person is more bound up with my childhood than Rufus, our good old sexton.

Our house was near the church, and he was there every day, attended by his old faithful dog, Fritz. I wonder which I loved more in those days, Fritz or Rufus. It was the same quality in both that appealed, I think, a kind of dumb devotion, regardless of slights, a love that takes you 'for better or for worse,' found only in animals—and some men. Rufus loved me as he loved all helpless things—loved me because he knew me first as a baby. When I was learning to walk he would come to the house and take me as his companion while he made his daily rounds in the church. When he was occupied with his lamps or his dusting, I would make my tentative way from pew to pew; and not unlike one of our good old deacons, I had many a good nap in the soothing atmosphere of the sanctuary.

I could not have been much older when, one spring day, my mother, tempted by the beauty of the morning, bundled up her sewing and me and went to spend the day with a friend on the other side of the village. But, alas, for golden promises! A

dismal rain began to fall, and we watched the growing twilight from the window, dolefully. Before it was quite dark, however, a cheery lantern swung into the yard and Rufus was ready with umbrellas to take us home. The village streets were yellow rivers by that time, but I was so safe against his shoulder. My arm was clasped close around his neck, and as I grew very sleepy, I was conscious only of the sucking sound of his great boots in the mud, of a strong arm around me, and of a penetrating odor of rank tobacco. Being an unreasonably fastidious child, I loathed the smell, and it is perhaps one of the greatest proofs of my devotion that I could cling to him in spite of it. Rufus is probably the only man I have ever loved who smoked a pipe.

There were other days—bitter, winter days, when the snow lay thick about the church and Rufus could scarcely plough his way through it. But as early as possible he was there, armed with a shovel and unbounded cheerfulness. I loved to be with him. At times I knew his poor rheumatic back pained him cruelly, but he was always ready for a snowball fight with me, while Fritz ran idiotically back and forth through the snow, barking at nothing in particular.

But the long golden summer days were best. I often wakened to the sound of his sickle and the smell of the fresh grass, as he worked about the churchyard. When I went to join him I might find him patiently feeding flies to some bloated hop-toad. He loved all birds and animals and reptiles, too. I have even known him to make friends with the snakes disclosed by his vigorous mowing. At this point, however, my sympathy ceased, owing to an inborn horror of snakes, inherited, no doubt, from my earliest maternal ancestor.

Birds would alight on his finger and seem to understand when he talked to them. It may have been partly due to his influence that I developed such enthusiasm over caterpillars. I used to gather a dozen or more in my apron and amuse myself by letting them crawl all over me, to the great annoyance of my family and friends.

When my pet kitten died and my heart was almost broken, it was Rufus who buried him considerately in the shade of an apple tree. Sympathetically he watched me as I placed upon a piece of slate the inscription:

To the Memory of Thomas Aquinas.
Died June 5, 18—.

Among the many plays of my childhood, funerals were my strong point, but this one came too close. And Rufus understood. It was natural that those loving creatures whom we call lower animals turned to him as did children, in appreciation of that gentleness which is rare in men—so rare that if a woman find it once in all the world, she may well sell all that she hath—to purchase that pearl of great price.

It was a crisp autumn day when I left home to face the difficulties of boarding-school. No one outside of my family felt the break more keenly, I believe, than Rufus. How eager he was to have my letters read to him! When vacations came he was the first at the house—to see how much I had grown, he said. I well remember his delight when he had persuaded me to read a page or so of Greek to him. He often brought his German newspapers to see if I could read them.

His heart was still in Germany, I really think. He never learned to speak English other than brokenly. Among his many quaint phrases, he often told us, when describing some scene in his early army days, 'I saw it with all both my two eyes.'

Through those few years when I was at home so little, 'all both those two eyes' were growing dimmer. At last the time came when he could no longer read the large clear type in the Bible we had given him—a great grief to him. And we who loved him, watched the sure approach of blindness. The doctor told us that an operation was possible. He was very poor and the best that could be done was to send him to a city hospital as a charity patient. The cataracts were successfully removed, but the pain must have been terrible. So little was done in the case of a free patient to mitigate the suffering. The students who watched the operation said his courage was wonderful.

'Did you like the hospital?' we asked, when he returned. 'Like it?' he said, 'Like it? Why I was like an angel in heaven.' And indeed the face of an angel could scarcely have been more radiant than his, as he saw once more the dear old churchyard and the faces of his friends.

I believe he was very happy after that, but the poor old body was much shattered. One Saturday night he came as usual to close the church after the choir rehearsal. He walked so stiffly that I stopped to ask him particularly about his rheumatism. It was very bad, he said. I watched him anxiously as the bobbing lantern disappeared along the village street. He walked slowly and faithful Fritz followed slowly at his heels.

When the Sabbath dawned he was raving in delirium, and before the sun rose upon another Lord's day, the weary old body lay at rest in the old graveyard. His soul had gone out quietly into the great silence, and all our little world seemed poorer for the loss of a true and tender heart.

Help a Little.

(F. L. N., in 'Good Cheer.')

'Eyes to the blind was I,' God's servant
cried of old,
And in all our lives in some sweet way the
story may be retold.
'Tis the little gift,
Like a sunbeam's rift,
That comforts the heart grown cold.

Just to forget ourselves in a tender Christ-
like way,
And service to render warm with love to
those at our side each day,
Is the joy of living,
This beauty of giving,
For then we live as we pray.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Double Redemption

(Mabel Earle, in 'The Wellspring.'

The yellow cat rubbed his head and purred against the coal-shed door, where Bob—alias Roberta—was sitting to enumerate her woes.

'Sand heaps and gravel bars,' Bob said, mournfully; 'dandelions and cinders. I don't care if this house is bigger and stylisher than the old one on Willow street; I'd rather have a dear yard like that, and less style. Sand heaps aren't stylish. Valentia says there isn't any money to make the yard pretty this spring. Not one dollar, Valentia said. She said it with emphasis, Buttercup. You don't like this place as well as the old house, do you?'

Buttercup signified his sympathy, and Bob, resting her chin on his head, proceeded:—

'There isn't any way out of it, Buttercup, unless we find a way. Valentia talked hall carpeting and dotted Swiss and gas fixtures when I tried to ask her. Of course, she knows. But why couldn't we do the yard ourselves? I'm pretty strong. I think I can spade up the ground, bit by bit—mornings before people are round to see, maybe. And there'll have to be some good black earth. That's the way the Johnsons did. Oh, dear, Buttercup, why didn' t we stay on Willow street?'

There was something pathetic about the odd little group in the coal-shed door, whither Bob had fled to avoid the confusion within the house, and to steady her soul with meditation. Bob had been born with a soul above dotted Swiss and the femininities of housekeeping. She said whimsically at times that she had been compelled to be her own brother, the only boy of the family, in spite of the disadvantages of petticoats. At sixteen she detested dress, and sewing, and piano practice, and the other ladylike occupations which Valentia, the ruling power in the motherless home, prescribed as suitable in the intervals of school. Bob liked her books well enough, and stood well in her classes; but best of all she loved to be out of doors, working in a garden or dreaming in a hammock. The removal from the old family home, with its grass and flower-beds, had been to her an unmixed calamity. She viewed with horror the prospect of a summer spent amid the unfinished surroundings of the new house. Valentia herself, if the whole truth were acknowledged, viewed it with equal horror; but the family income had lately suffered from unexpected deficits, in addition to the expense of building. The removal from Willow street, which Bob resented so bitterly, had not been brought about by considerations of style, but by various exigencies which led Valentia to look upon desolate door yards as matters of secondary importance, to be endured with philosophy.

'Valentia, you don't care if "I" do something with this yard, do you?' Bob asked, going into the house where Valentia was making the sewing machine whir over lengths of white Swiss. 'If I don't spend a cent of the house money?'

Valentia stopped to measure a breadth. 'I suppose you can have some flower beds, if you like,' she answered, with an effort to be kind to this trying younger sister. 'If we smooth down those sand heaps, and carry away that lime and rake

the yard over, it will not look so terribly untidy. I'm sorry, Roberta, but there isn't any money at all to do anything this spring; I told you that before. But perhaps Mrs. Johnson will give you some roots and plants when she thins out her beds, and you can do your best with them.'

Bob had her permission, and she lay awake three hours that night formulating plans. The first gray light of the March morning found her at work in the yard, with a shovel and an old wheelbarrow which the workmen who built the house had left in the coal shed.

'I can work this way, before school and after,' she said, when Valentia called her to breakfast. 'Doesn't that front space look better? I put the lime in the alley; it's a good disinfectant, isn't it? I don't believe it will take me so very long.'

'But, Roberta, look at your hands!' the older sister protested. 'This isn't any kind of work for a girl. I wish father were at home. I don't believe he would let you do it.'

'Oh, well, I can wear gloves,' Roberta answered, glancing indifferently at her red and blistered hands. 'And the worst part of it—when I'm getting the earth, maybe—I can do before people are up, if you're ashamed to have me seen doing it. Don't try to stop me. I was meant for a boy, anyhow, and I simply can't live up to this house; not unless I have a garden.'

Bob had a well-defined plan of campaign, which included clearing, spading, the wheeling of rich earth in barrow loads from a riverbank at the edge of town, not far away, and the subsequent seeding and watering of the lawn. She was independent enough to have carried out her scheme in spite of comment and criticism, but on the fourth day of her work an authority stronger even than the voice of her absent father intervened, and stretched poor Bob on the sitting-room lounge, there to pass a week in the loathly occupation of sewing and submitting to Valentia's therapeutics.

'I knew you were not strong enough,' the older sister observed frequently, as she rubbed liniment and administered tonics. 'I might have known you would catch cold. You'll simply have to give it up, Roberta. If this had been one degree worse, we should have had to call the doctor, and we can't afford to call the doctor. You must look at it sensibly.'

Bob had sense enough to recognize the situation. She regretted sincerely the additional burden on Valentia's busy days, and hemmed napkins meekly as a penance, though her soul revolted within her at every stitch.

'Buttercup,' she said one day with sudden resolution, as the cat cuddled between her arm and the sofa pillow, 'there's only one way. The yard must be finished! That means I must earn the money for it, since I can't do the wok. There's only one way to earn the money. O Buttercup, it means Hallie Johnson!' Bob buried her face in the cushion and groaned.

'I like Hallie, you know, Buttercup,' she went on, presently; 'and nobody could help being sorry for her. Fancy a girl of pretty nearly my age being put away on the shelf for all time. Fancy a girl having nothing to do but read and crochet! I'm glad I'm not an invalid. But if I go to companion Hallie, I'll have to be a real lady. I don't like being a lady. I'll have to mend every least little bit of a tear—Hallie must have everything neat; and my hair—O Buttercup, my hair! And I'll have to practice things on the piano, and hunt up "little cheerful stories" to read to her—I loathe little cheerful stories. And I'll have to learn new stitches and all such things. Oh a lady—made out of me, Buttercup! Do you suppose we can do it, for the yard's sake?'

For the yard's sake it was done, nevertheless. Bob rose up from the sofa, pale and resolute, at the end of the week. She fell upon her second-best gown, mended two rents, sewed on a fresh binding and two missing hooks, and sallied forth to Mrs. Johnson's. The hours of each afternoon after school, thenceforth—hours once consecrated to delightful tomboy pursuits and unpractical imaginings and doings, were set apart for Hallie Johnson's entertainment and edification.

'You don't know how I've wanted you, Bob,' the sick girl said, pathetically—and Bob felt a sense of relief at the sound of her nickname. 'But I couldn't take any comfort in appropriating you every day, until you were willing to make it a business arrangement. Now we can feel that we're helping Valentia, while we are having a good time together. Show me that pineapple pattern, that's a dear!'

Bob groaned in spirit, but instructed faithfully. At the end of her first week, she had two rewards—one in the bright coins which paid Patrick Henessy for spading up the yard, and won his promise to haul some waggon loads of black earth for similar payment on the next Saturday; the other, in the realization that Hallie Johnson didn't want her companion to transform herself into a prim and staid young person of Valentia's pattern, but simply to be her own best self. Bob's very best self, in the inmost depths of it, did recognize the value of polished boots, spotless collars, and smooth hair, and their compatibility with the pleasures of existence, on occasion; for such things were expected even of boys in a state of civilization. But on the third day of her attempt to be very feminine, as she was reading aloud one of the 'little cheerful stories' which she loathed, Hallie Johnson leaned forward and tore the paper from her hand.

'Bob Ferguson, it isn't you! Be you—tell me about those robins in your coal shed—was it in the coal shed?'

Bob laughed, and the chain fell away from her imprisoned soul. Thenceforward she was free to be herself with Hallie. Yet imperceptibly, and so gradually that she could not realize it, the brusqueness and carelessness which had long vexed Valentia's soul slipped away from her, under the daily practice of personal daintiness and loving consideration for another's taste and sensibilities—a practice which had been too infrequent in other days. She was Bob still—frank, sunny, bearing the wholesome atmosphere of outdoor freedom and breezy gayety; yet with a sweet new womanliness mingling with the boyish good-fellowship she gave to Hallie. Week after week, the yard came nearer to the ideal of which she had herself dreamed; and Hallie demanded frequent reports of it, sharing all Bob's own exultation when the first spears of grass or clover showed above the well-rolled black surface, and the green tinge spread and deepened under the spring sunshine. There were wonderful flower beds, too, to be planned for, and bits of shrubbery, and vines for the porch. Hallie sent for books on Civic Improvement and Artistic Gardening from the library, and the two girls waxed enthusiastic over the development of a beautiful thing which was to be all their own, from its earliest beginnings in the bare ugliness of the yard into which the Fergusons had moved. In considering the possibilities of a 'cozy corner' on the porch, Bob began to take her first real interest in sofa pillows and denim. She was coming into her womanly inheritance, without knowing it—the instinct of beauty and order, the transforming of waste places into bits of home. Valentia began to perceive, after a while, as Hallie had perceived for weeks, with inward rejoicing, but without the risk of comment.

One day in early summer, Bob wheeled Hallie over on her chair to view the glories of the yard. There was a parable, to which the keen perceptions of the invalid girl were fully alive, between the garden, in all its beautiful incompleteness, the imperfection which was yet so full of hope, and the waking woman-life of its young creator.

'It isn't finished yet,' Bob said, radiantly, as Hallie and Valentia paused in their praises. 'It will all be lovelier by and by. But it isn't a waste wilderness any more, I've redeemed it. And I did it myself!'

Valentia and Hallie looked from the trim flower beds and the green lawn up at Bob's girlish figure, in all its new daintiness and distinction, and at the sweet face where the new life and tenderness showed so plainly.

'All yourself!' Valentia repeated, approvingly; and Buttercup rubbed against Bob's ankles and purred his assent.

'Jesus Has Got Me Now.'

('Faithful Words.')

At a children's service, a little girl was listening eagerly to the words of the speaker, as he pressed upon his young hearers the joy of accepting the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour. The child was deeply anxious, and when spoken to burst into tears. 'And are you trusting the Lord Jesus?' she was asked, and at once replied, 'Oh, yes.' 'Why, how long has that been?' The reply was, 'Only just now, when you were telling us to trust Jesus, just where we were sitting, and I did.'

As they were about to say 'good-night,' the speaker put the following little test before her:

'Now, J——, when you came to the service this evening you did not belong to the Lord Jesus, but you are going out of this place a believer in him and belonging to him. But to-morrow morning you will, perhaps, be tempted not to believe that Jesus has really saved you. If Satan does so worry you, what shall you tell him?'

A smile instantly lit up her happy and thoughtful face, and she replied in a simple and yet confident manner, 'Oh, I shall tell him that Jesus has got me now!'

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

It excited some wonder when the well-known citizen passed along the street, closely followed by Mrs. Ray and Daph; but he cared little for the remarks of the passers-by, his mind having been once made up to see Daph safely restored to the home from which she had been so rudely taken.

Diedrich Stuyvesant moved at what was an unwonted pace for him, and the house with the blue shutters was soon reached, and the door of the familiar room thrown open.

Rose Stuyvesant was sitting on a low chair, Louise at her side and Charley on her lap; while the book with golden clasps was open in her hand. With one shout of joy, the children darted towards Daph, and gave her a welcome which filled her honest heart with joy.

That sight was a reward to Diedrich Stuyvesant for all the unwonted labors of the day.

'Come, Rose,' he said, 'they can do without us now. I must learn to know these little people some other day. But, stay,' he added, as he looked round on the scrupulously neat, but very plain-furnished apartment, 'Daph, I must speak to you a moment, before I go.'

The children for an instant were quiet, and the wealthy citizen drew his purse from his pocket, and, holding it towards Daph, he said, 'You ought to have something to make amends for this day's trouble. Take that for you and the children'.

'I'se thank you, sir,' said Daph, drawing back; 'I'se thank you, sir, but my missus' children shall want for nothing while poor old Daph can work for them.'

'Well, have your own way, Daph,' said Diedrich Stuyvesant, 'but one thing you must let me do for you. Let me take the gold chains that have given you so much trouble, and put them in safe keeping. I will see that you get their full value in money if you should ever be in need.'

The treasured jewellery was cheerfully relinquished; and Daph even felt relieved to have them no longer in her charge.

'Remember, Daph,' said the kind-hearted citizen, as he bade her good-bye, 'You have something now to depend upon.'

'I'se thank you for your goodness, sir,—I'se thank you. I'se sure the great Lord will nebber let Daph come to want.'

'Never, Daph!' said Rose; and with one of her sweet smiles she followed her father from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME SCENES.

The days of excitement and distress, so full of moment to Daph, were succeeded by a time of comparative quiet and peace.

Every morning the kind voice of Rose Stuyvesant broke in upon the solitude of Daph and the little ones. Louise learned to look as eagerly for the face of Rose as a flower for the sunlight, and to turn as fondly towards it. There seemed to be for the little girl an irresistible charm in the refinement and guilelessness of her new friend, and the sweet words of holy teaching that ever dropped from the lips of Rose, had waked to music a chord in the child's heart that had long slumbered in silence. The sensitive conscience and peculiar interest in spiritual things that had marked her when under her mother's influence, became again evident. As from a weary dream, she woke to the beauty and reality of religious truth.

Rose was no sentimental teacher, contented with exciting mere feeling, that worked to no good end.

The unselfish devotion and respectful deference of poor Daph, had fostered a slight imperiousness in the little Louise; and she had learned to seek her own comfort, with but too little regard for the feelings and wishes of others.

Rose soon saw that her little pet was in danger of becoming quietly selfish, and unconsciously proud and dictatorial.

Tenderly, but faithfully, the young teacher pointed out to Louise the germs of those hateful faults, growing and strengthening in the bad soil of an evil heart; and the conscience of the child made her deeply feel the necessity of the warning thus affectionately given.

Bad habits, long indulged, are not easily overcome, even when the highest and best motives govern the conduct.

'Put on my stockings this minute, Daph! You are so slow!' said Louise, one morning, putting out her white foot, imperatively, towards the kneeling negress.

'Yes, yes, Miss Lou,' said Daph, humbly, 'Daph do be radder slow; but somehow she isn't so actif as she used to be.'

This was not the only complaint that Louise had to make that morning; everything seemed to go wrong with her, and Charlie declared, 'Sister Lou' was so cross that he had rather go and play in the garden alone, than stay anywhere near her.

Daph gave a sorrowful look at her young mistress, and then went to the kitchen to prepare some of the tempting cakes which were now in such demand, and Louise was left quite alone.

She took up a piece of sewing on which Rose had been patiently trying to teach her to hem; but the thread 'went in knots,' the needle pricked her finger and she threw the work down in despair, and began to cry with all her might.

The door softly opened, and a gentle hand was laid on her shoulder. 'What grieves you, darling?' said the sweet voice of Rose Stuyvesant.

'Oh, oh!' exclaimed the little girl, without looking up, 'I have been so cross and naughty all this morning, I do not believe I am one of the Lord Jesus' little lambs at all, and I am very, very unhappy!'

Rose sat down beside her little friend, and, throwing her arm tenderly round her, she said, 'You must not be discouraged, my darling; listen to me. Suppose that you were so very sick, that if you did not soon get well, you would surely die. Now, suppose a kind physician should come to you and offer you some medicine that would check your fever, and save you from the death that was so near, how you would love him, and how willingly you would do all he said was necessary for you! It might be many, many weeks before you were quite well, but how patiently you would take the medicines he ordered, and how cheerfully you would follow his advice, until you were again full of health and strength! And when you could walk about once more and breathe the sweet fresh air, then you would be most warmly grateful to the kind physician who had come to your sick bed, and saved you from expected death. Dear Louise, Christ has shed his blood to save you from everlasting death, which is very near to all who are not the true children of God. Whenever you put your trust in the dear Saviour, you are safe from that death; but it may be long, long before your heart will be clean from sin and your bad habits will be wholly cured. What says the kind physician to you. "Watch and pray." "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." You must be willing to struggle, patiently, against your faults, trying to do right, and looking to God for strength to go on. You must go forward cheerfully and hopefully, thinking of all what Christ has done for you, and dwelling on that happy time when you will be safe in heaven, and your heart will be full of gratitude to him who has saved your soul from death, and purified you by his grace. Do you understand me, darling?'

'Yes, yes,' sobbed little Louise, 'and indeed I will try—try harder.'

(To be continued.)

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 27, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Russo-Japanese Agreement—The 'Tribune,' New York.
Levitoff's Prophecy—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
Russia's Need of a Kitchener—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Corea as a Seat of War—M., in the 'Westminster Budget.'
The Destinies of Japan—'St. James's Gazette,' London.
Names of Japanese Warships—Sir Edwin Arnold, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Some Mysteries of Insurance—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Macedonian Situation—By G. P. Gooch, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Some Notable Speeches in the Fiscal Debate in the House of Commons—English Papers.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Art and Handicraft—C. F. Townsend, in the 'Crank,' a new magazine, London.
Art in Furnishing—The Smoking Room—Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Snowdrops—Poem, by Ella Fuller Maitland, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
To Lucasta on Going to the Wars—Poem, by Richard Lovelace.
Diamond Dust in the Poetry of Mangan—The 'Athenæum,' London.
Our Poet Laureate on Poets and Poetry—The 'Daily News,' London; the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Finance of Sentiment—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Kipling as a Parodist—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
'Ten Thousand a Year'—An Early Victorian Novel Revived—The 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Brunel and the 'Great Eastern'—The 'Scientific American,' New York.
Sir Oliver Lodge on Amusements and Radium—The 'Standard,' London.
The Cult of the Sweet Pea—The 'Westminster Budget.'

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The Easy Path.

Once upon a time there were two children, a boy and a girl, ready to start climbing a long mountain path to reach their home before night should come. They lived with their parents far up among the trees on the mountain side. A brook ran near the house—so near that they could hear it singing to them each night when they were lying in their beds.

As they started to climb upward to their home, they saw something lying in the path. As they came near, they saw it was a boy, and when they stood over him, they recognized him as a friend and neighbor, who also lived high up on the mountain and whose house, like theirs, stood near the running brook. The boy lay there with his eyes closed, looking very white and tired. His clothes were torn and his hands and feet scratched and bleeding.

'What has happened to you?' asked the girl, leaning over the boy.

'I have been walking so far that I thought I couldn't go any farther,' answered the boy feebly. Then he opened his eyes, and seeing his friends he told them how and what was the matter in these words: 'I started on the way home yesterday and got as far as this when I saw that path over there (pointing to one that led in another direction) and as I did not feel like climbing, I took it. You see how it runs along the mountain instead of going up as steep as this one. Well, I had often wanted to try it, and so I went that way. At first it was so pleasant, for the road was level and flowers grew along it and birds sang in the sunshine. But after a long while, I saw that instead of going up toward home, I had been travelling down farther and farther into the valley, and I knew that I could not reach my home before the sun had set. But I ran back as hard as I could, and when it grew dark I kept losing the path, and so I tore my clothes and scratched my hands and feet on the thorns and briers growing by the roadside. When night came, I had to sleep right where I was. This morning I hurried back to this path, but when I found it I felt too tired to climb it alone, so I have been resting here until some one should come along.'

As the boy told this long story, the boy and girl felt so sorry for their friend that they were ready to help him to his feet, and then each taking an arm they began the climb up the steep narrow path.

'I am so glad you have told us about that other road that looks so pleasant,' said the girl, 'for I have often wanted to try it'

A Sad Journey.

The old man in the picture looks very sad. God has told him to do a very strange thing indeed. He is to take his dear son Isaac and offer him up as a burnt-offering to God.

God did not wish Isaac to be killed, but He wished to try if Abraham would obey Him even in such a thing as this.

Abraham took his son, and told him to carry the wood while he himself carried the fire for the sacrifice.

But Isaac saw that they had no lamb to offer, so he asked his father where it was. He did not know that he was to be offered himself.

Abraham only said, 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb,' and they went on their way.

When everything was ready, Abraham took his son and was going to offer him up. But God stopped him. He had seen that Abraham would obey Him in everything, and now He made great promises of the blessings He would send on Abraham.

How glad Abraham must have been! Let us never forget that God will bless us all if we obey Him.—'Our Little Dots.'

'So have I,' said the boy.

Then their comrade said: 'Yes, it is easier than this, but it leads you farther from home all the while without your knowing it.' So as they talked they kept climbing until at last they all reached their homes in safety.

Do you know, boys and girls, that we are all travelling toward our home just as the boys and girl in the story. To reach our home in heaven we have to climb and the path is sometimes steep and hard. Jesus tells us: 'Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat.' But 'Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'

It is not as easy to climb as to go along a pleasant broad road with flowers and birds to look at and enjoy. But if we go along the broad, easy way we may be going away from our home. Each one must choose which way he will go.

All who climb the narrow, steep path will find some hard things to do. We must study our lessons when we would rather play; we have to obey our parents and teachers when it is easier to do as we want to; we must not tell lies or take what does not belong to us; we must not smoke or swear or touch any strong drink, even if we are laughed at for not doing so. If we are to climb, it will be a steep path sometimes, but where will it lead us? And who will be in heaven? Christ Jesus came to earth and went that same steep, hard road to show us the way.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

What It Led To.

Percy smoked because he fancied it made him look manly. You know boys have sometimes very funny notions of manliness; one thinks it a manly thing to go into a public house and call for beer; another fancies it manly to use foul language; and there are hundreds of boys, I am afraid, who think, like Percy, that it is manly to smoke.

But it led to some very unmanly consequences. It led Percy to deceive his father and mother, who disapproved of the practice, and when questioned on the matter, it led to his telling a direct untruth. And later, upon one of his companions 'splitting' on him, it led to severe punishment and deep disgrace.—'Temperance Record.'

Some Thinking.

Near the end of the season our boy announced the height of our tall maple tree to be thirty-three feet.

'Why, how do you know?' was the general question.

'Measured it.'

'How?'

'Foot-rule and yard-stick.'

'You didn't climb that tall tree?' his mother asked, anxiously.

'No'm; I just found the length of the shadow and measured that.'

'But the length of the shadow changes.'

'Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as the things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree and that's thirty-three feet.'—'Morning Star.'

The Hidden Stump.

(Translated from the German.)

A contractor in a large city had taken a contract to build a street. On a certain spot there stood the stump of a tree, which he should have removed, but instead of doing this he only cut the stump level with the street and covered it with sand. The street was completed, and the contractor received the amount of money the contract called for. Some considerable time elapsed, when the stump again made its appearance above the surface. One day the contractor came along this same road on horse-back. Passing the stump the horse stumbled and the rider was thrown off and broke his neck.

This, indeed, is a very serious lesson to us. If we are not scrupulous in our duties and actions, our sins will surely find us out.—'Morning Star.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is March, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The Gray Day That Turned Bright.

(By E. P. A., in 'Mayflower.')

What was the matter with Mabel? Was not the golden sunshine filling all the world with brightness? Were not the catbirds singing like Jenny Linds in the lilac bushes? Were not the little girl's pansies and day lilies blooming themselves away in her flower beds?

Yet Mabel stood by the window, looking as sad as Cinderella when the clock had struck twelve and turned her fine clothes into rags. She was not listening to the catbirds; a little voice inside of her was saying, 'You will not be happy until you have told your mother that you did it—tell her—tell her—tell her.'

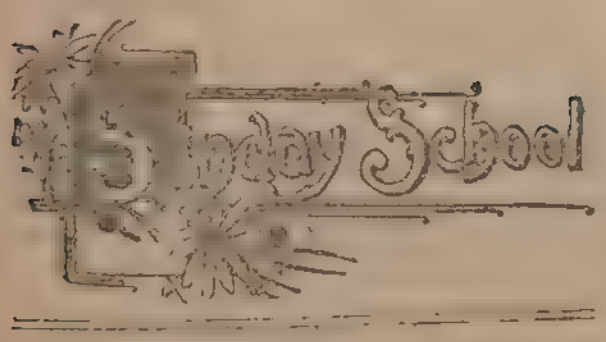
You know who this was speaking? It was that little messenger from God that men call Conscience. I think Mabel knew it was God's messenger, for she jumped up suddenly, ran to find mother, put her little head down on the kind shoulder, and confessed that she had told a story.

Mother had asked at breakfast, 'Did you put out your light last night, Mabel, when I knocked on the wall?' and Mabel had answered, 'Yes, mother.' But it was not true; she had burned her light a good while longer to read a story-book. And from the minute the story passed her lips Mabel had been unhappy; nothing pleased, nothing interested her; she felt far away from God and mother, in a desert or wilderness.

Mother was very gentle with the little wrongdoer, and told her God was much readier to forgive than she had been to confess; and then they kneeled down together, and Mabel repeated after her mother the prayer for forgiveness.

When she went back to the window everything looked different; now the sunshine fairly laughed around her; the birds seemed to be making all that music just for her little ears, and she skipped up and down the walk for pure delight.

Isn't it strange that everybody doesn't confess and get their sins forgiven when it makes people so happy?



LESSON XII.—MARCH 20.

Jesus Feeds the Five Thousand.

Matthew xiv., 13-23.

Golden Text.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John vi., 35.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 14.—Matt. xiv., 13-23.
Tuesday, Mar. 15.—Mark viii., 1-9.
Wednesday, Mar. 16.—Mark viii., 10-21.
Thursday, Mar. 17.—II. Kings iv., 42-44
Friday, Mar. 18.—John vi., 35-46.
Saturday, Mar. 19.—John vi., 47-58.
Sunday, Mar. 20.—Mark vi., 35-46.

13. When Jesus heard of it, he departed thence by ship into a desert place apart: and when the people had heard thereof, they followed him on foot out of the cities.

14. And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them, and he healed their sick.

15. And when it was evening, his disciples came to him, saying, This is a desert place, and the time is now past; send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages, and buy themselves victuals.

16. But Jesus said unto them, They need not depart; give ye them to eat.

17. And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves, and two fishes.

18. He said, Bring them hither to me.

19. And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

20. And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full.

21. And they that had eaten were about five thousand men, beside women and children.

22. And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

23. And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

There must be something special about the miracle we find in to-day's lesson, for it is the only one recorded by the writers of all four Gospels. In addition to the account given in Matthew xiv., 13-23, the parallels should be read as follows: Mark vi., 30-46; Luke ix., 10-17; John vi., 1-15, 22-65.

The present lesson begins where the last one left off. In verse 12 of this chapter we are told of the burial of the body of John the Baptist, and the report of his death made to Jesus. Verse 13 recounts the action immediately taken by Jesus when he heard this terrible news. The time of this lesson was in the third year of Christ's ministry. His teachings and works are more and more attracting the attention of the masses, while the opposition to him is gaining ground. This lesson furnishes abundant opportunity for entering the duty of service to our fellow men.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 13. 'When Jesus heard of it he departed,' etc. It is thought that his reason for leaving Galilee at that time was the fear of a popular uprising following the murder of John the Baptist. There was forming a revolutionary movement looking toward making Christ a king. This he did not want to encourage, and so possibly went into another region to allow matters to become more quiet in Galilee. Again, as we learn from the other accounts, Christ wished to lead his disciples apart that they might rest, for they had just returned from their tour upon which he had sent them, and had reported their work. But the crowds observed his movements and came to him.

14. 'And Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion toward them.' We want to emphasize the reading of the accounts of this miracle in the other Gospels. Much will be gained thereby. In connection with this verse in Matthew, Luke says very beautifully, 'And he welcomed them, and spake to them of the kingdom of God, and them that had need of healing he cured.'

They that come unto him he will in no wise cast out. Christ is never too busy with great concerns to welcome the one who longs for the divine comfort, help, and guidance.

15-18. 'They need not depart; give ye them to eat.' In these four verses, and in their parallels in the other Gospels, we have an account of the conversation between Christ and his disciples concerning what was best to be done for this hungry multitude, far from home and with night at hand.

His disciples would have settled the matter very simply. It was a desert, that is, an uninhabited place, and they would have had the multitude sent to neighboring villages to shift for themselves as best they might.

Very often difficulty and failure in discipleship occur at this very point. We really love the Master and want to be with him, but we are somewhat annoyed and impatient over the presence of the multitude, with its endless needs. Christ and the twelve had come away from the crowd into a secluded place where they might rest a while, and where the twelve might enjoy the opportunity to converse with the great Teacher, undisturbed by the sorrows of the world.

But here is the crowd. From the shores whence this great loving Teacher and Physician sailed, the wistful eyes of the multitudes have marked the course of the vessel that carried him, and they hasten on foot around the shores of Galilee. To the desert place near Bethsaida go the Lord and the twelve. About him swarm the thousands, with their sins, their sorrows, their hunger; and the disciples see their chance for a class in advanced theology go glimmering. 'And he had compassion on them.' The special training of the few must wait upon the relief of the many.

So the time originally meant for the disciples is freely given to the multitude. But as evening approaches the twelve can with propriety advise that the supperless company be sent into the villages to buy food. Perhaps a part of the day may yet be saved for the twelve. But Christ sees no reason for such action; no time yet for comfort and conversation, with suffering humanity all about them. He issues a command to the astonished disciples to feed them. Many a Christian has met with a similar experience—a command to take up some large work, with little or no means in sight.

The five small barley loaves or cakes, and the two fishes, in possession of a lad form the stock of provisions in sight. But 'without him was not any thing made that was made,' and he asks that the loaves and fishes be brought to him.

19-21. 'And looking up to heaven, he blessed and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.' The place was covered with grass, and Christ commanded that the multitude be made to sit down in companies. The expression seems to carry the meaning of arrangement as though at tables. They were the guests of their Lord, and taking the loaves and fishes their Host blessed and brake them into his disciples' hands, and they distributed to the waiting people. The twelve came to rest and to be ministered unto spiritually, but now they must minister to the bodily needs of their less favored fellows. 'And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.'

When all had eaten till satisfied, there were gathered of the fragments twelve baskets. Each disciple's obedience in helping to distribute the modest loaves and fishes is rewarded by a basket full of that which remained over, after the five thousand were fed.

22, 23. 'And when the evening was come, he was there alone.' The disciples have been sent away in the ship, the thousands to their homes, but 'he went up into a mountain apart to pray.' What a day! Sailing away to find rest with his disciples, followed by the multitude, teaching them, healing them, feeding them and sending them home rejoicing, and his disciples to their ship, the Master now goes apart to pray, and evening finds him a petitioner before his Father, 'there alone.'

The lesson for March 27 is the quarterly review.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 20.—Topic—Little things that Christ makes great. I. Cor. i., 25-29.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, Mar. 14.—'Wine is a mocker.' Prov. xx., 1.

Tuesday, Mar. 15.—'He that loveth wine.' Prov. xxi., 17.

Wednesday, Mar. 16.—'Shall come to poverty.' Prov. xxiii., 21.

Thursday, Mar. 17.—'Who hath woe?' Prov. xxiii., 29, 30.

Friday, Mar. 18.—'Overcome with wine.' Isa. xxviii., 1.

Saturday, Mar. 19.—'They err in vision.' Isa. xxviii., 7.

Sunday, Mar. 20.—Topic—What comes from the beer-mug? Isa. v., 11, 12.

Mr. Feeblemind has a great many Masters and Misses Feeblemind at every school, and it is highly desirable that their measure should be taken by the Sunday-school teacher. There are such children at all schools—all the more if they have been underfed or bullyragged at home; or there may have been something to try their nerves which may not be seen at an average meeting. There are a number of children to whom the verb to 'fail' is only too familiar in all its terrible tenses. 'I have not done well;' 'I am not doing well;' 'I never shall do well.' The result is that many and many a child takes for granted that it will be at school a failure, gaining no prizes, receiving no praise, not securing full marks, hardly half-marks. Anything that will raise the self-confidence of the child and lead it to hope will be useful.—Dr. Butler.

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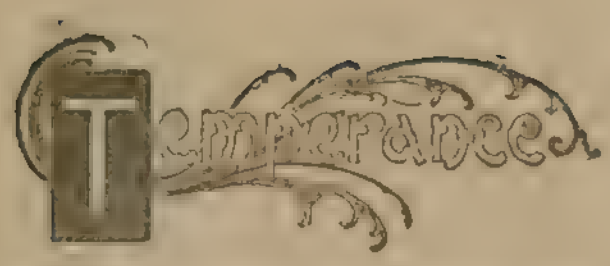

The Secrets of the Curio Cabinet.

(Concluded.)

'We will have Aunt Deborah's letter next, Uncle David,' he said. 'We will have it together.'

It was written in cramped, inelegant characters, but the writing was perfectly legible, and he proceeded to read it aloud. It ran thus:—

'Dear Nephew Charles,—People call me eccentric, and they are probably right. I have a little gift for you, but if you follow out my wishes you will not know of it until your twenty-seventh birthday, and I have my reasons for this. I believe you have the making of a true man in you, and an all-round business one, too; but your future success will depend on whether you shun the evil which proved your poor father's ruin. During the years which must elapse before my gift comes into your rightful possession there will have been time for life's emergencies to test you; and though unconscious of the fact, your actions will be watched by those who have charge of your future financial interests. It may be that you will have prospered, and when you read this be in a position to pay off, by your own exertions, the mortgage which will run out one month later. "God helps those who help themselves," and I never think it good for a young man to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth. But misfortune sometimes overtakes the most worthy, and it is not always because a man's morals are weak that he finds himself in financial difficulties. I hope you will forgive me for my brusque sermonette, but I never found a few words of honest and well-meant advice injure any man, and I believe you have the grit of a true man in you. If, however, you have not enough money to clear off the mortgage, you may find my little gift useful. The papers which you will find with this letter will entitle you to £8,000; and if you communicate with the firm of solicitors named therein your legal claim to the money will be at once acknowledged. If it gives as much gratification to receive it as it affords me to bequeath it, we shall both do well by the arrangement. God bless you. Your loving aunt, Deborah Ashley.'

Charles Wyndham's face had flushed and paled alternately, and his voice had grown hoarse and unsteady. The letter dropped from his hand. Old David Wyndham's feeble fingers were interlaced and unlifted, while his lips moved in harmony with the silent thanksgiving which he was pouring into the ear of the Great Unseen.

'I ought to have trusted him,' murmured Charles.

'And, my lad'—the old man's voice was tremulous with feeling—'you've proved yourself worthy of your Aunt Deborah's faith in you. The test and strain of life have not broken you away from your moorings. You've honored your Temperance pledge, Charles, and you can thankfully take your aunt's money without a shadow of shame or a sting of conscience. You haven't any dark skeletons to lock away, and you have no cause to fear the scrutiny of those who have been silently watching your life actions. Yes, your Aunt Deborah was a shrewd business woman, no doubt,' and his eyes twinkled humorously. 'You can understand now why she got you to explain with exactitude all the points of any business importance bearing upon the mortgage. Yes, Deborah Ashley was certainly a wise woman.'

Coals of Fire.

Farmer Dawson kept missing his corn. Every night it was taken from his crib, although the door was well secured with lock and key.

'It's that lazy, Tom Slocum!' he exclaimed one morning after missing more than usual. 'I've suspected him all the time, and I won't bear it any longer.'

'What's makes you think it's Tom?' asked his wife, pouring out the fragrant coffee.

'Because he's the only man around that hasn't any corn—nor anything else, for that matter. He spent the summer at the saloons while his neighbors were at their work. Now they have plenty, and he has nothing—serves him just right, too.'

'But his family are suffering,' rejoined his wife. 'They are sick, and in need of food and medicine; should we not help them?'

'No?' growled the farmer, 'if he finds his neighbors are going to take care of his family, it will encourage him to spend the next season as he did the last. Better send him to the jail and his family to the poor-house, and I'm going to do it, too. I've laid a plan to trap him this very night.'

'Now, while Tom is reaping the bitter fruits of his folly, is it not time to help him to a better life?' suggested his wife.

'A little course of law would be the most effective,' replied the farmer.

'In this case coals of fire would be better. Try the coals first, William, try the coals first.'

Farmer Dawson made no reply, but finished his breakfast, and walked out of the house with the decided step of one who has made up his mind, and something is going to be done.

His wife sighed as she went about her work, thinking of the weary, heartbroken mother with her sick and hungry babes around her.

The farmer proceeded to examine his cribs, and after a thorough search found a hole large enough for a man's hand.

'There's the leak,' he exclaimed; 'I'll fix that,' and then went to setting the trap inside.

Next morning he arose earlier than usual, and went around to the cribs. His trap had caught a man—Tom Slocum—the very one he had suspected!

He seemed to take no notice of the thief, but turned aside into the barn and began heaping the manger with hay—sweet-scented from the Summer's harvest field. Then he opened the crib doors and took out the golden ears—the fruit of his honest toil.

All the time he was thinking what to do? Should he try the law or the coals? The law was what the man deserved, but his wife's words kept ringing through his mind. He emptied the corn in the feeding trough, then went around where the man stood with one hand in the trap.

'Hello! neighbor; what are you doing here?' he asked.

Poor Tom answered nothing, but the downcast, guilty face confessed more than words could have done.

Farmer Dawson released the imprisoned hand, and, taking Tom's sack, ordered him to hold it while he filled it with the coveted grain.

'There, Tom, take that,' said the farmer, 'and after this, when you want corn, come to me, and I'll let you have it on trust for work. I need another good, steady hand on the farm, and will give steady work and good wages.'

'Oh, sir,' replied Tom, quite overcome, 'I've been wanting work, but no one would hire me. My family are suffering, and I am ashamed to beg. But I'll work for this and every ear I have taken, if you will give me a chance.'

'Very well, Tom,' said the farmer; 'take the corn to the mill, and make things comfortable about home to-day, and to-morrow we'll begin. But there's one thing we must agree to first.'

Tom lifted an inquiring gaze.

'You must let whiskey alone,' continued the farmer, 'you must promise not to touch a drop.'

The tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion, as he said:

'You are the first man that ever asked me that. There's always enough to say: "Come, Tom, take a drink," and I have drunk until I thought there was no use in trying to be a better man. But, since you care enough to ask me to stop drinking, I'm bound to make the trial; that I will, sir.'

Farmer Dawson took Tom to the house and gave him his breakfast, while his wife put up a basket of food for the suffering family in the poor man's home.

Tom went to work the next day, and the next. In time he came to be an efficient hand on the Dawson place. He stopped drinking and stealing, attended church and Sabbath-school with his family, and became a respectable member of society.

'How changed Tom is from what he once was,' remarked the farmer's wife, one day.

'Yes,' replied the husband, 'twas the coals of fire did it.'—'Religious Intelligencer.'

What is the Reason?

1. Some say alcohol gives strength. If so, why do athletes abstain while training for a race or other contests requiring strength?

2. Some say alcohol gives endurance. If so, why do great employers of labor cut off the supply of drink when work of an especially arduous nature is required?

3. Some say alcohol gives heat. If so, why do travellers in the Arctic regions who take drink succumb to the cold, while the abstainers remain unharmed?

4. Some say alcohol is good in hot countries. If so, why did Stanley refuse it to his men during his forced march across Africa in search of Emin Pasha?

5. Some say alcohol steadies the nerves. If so, why do surgeons abstain before performing a delicate operation?

6. Some say alcohol sustains the health. If so, why do insurance companies take total abstainers at a lower premium than others?

7. Some say it is dangerous to suddenly give up the use of alcohol. If so, why do prisoners, most of whom are obliged suddenly to abstain, improve in health?—'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

What Can Whiskey Do?

(The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D., in 'The Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

Not long ago there stood in the Haarlem Police Court, in New York City, a variety of men and women arrested for drunkenness. One was noticeable for his age, and for his extreme despair. He did not seem to care what became of him. He came up before the magistrate—a younger man—who inquired his name. He replied—'Joseph———.' The magistrate started, and then peered curiously into the old man's face, and inquired, with a note of agitation in his voice—

'You're not the Joseph —— that used to be head man at Claflin's?'

'Yes, I am the same man.'

A few years ago the magistrate, an honored judge, was the office-boy in Claflin's great store, at £1 a week, and Joseph —— was head man in the same establishment, earning £2,500 a year. The one has been sober; the other has taken the whiskey path. The moral does not need enlargement.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

Athens, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the second form of the Athens High School, but my home is near Lyndhurst, a prosperous village. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I am very much interested in the story of 'Daph and Her Charge.' We have had some great snowstorms lately. At this time of the year driving parties are very frequent. Last winter I attended a driving party, and the sleigh upset when going through a large pitch-hole, and we had a serious time.

GERTRUDE H. (aged 15).

Coaticook, Que.

Dear Editor,—When I was six years we had an accident. My father was sick, and the hired man was bringing in the hay one hot day, and the hay was very dry. The telephone men were then soldering the wires, and had a little stove with them, which they put in the middle of the road. The hired man shouted to them to take it out of the way, so they put it on one side; but as the load of hay went by, one string of hay dragged into the fire, and then like a flash up the side of the load went the fire. Four of us children were on the load. Off went Willie, the hired man's son, first, and then Mary and oldest sister; and then myself. But the little boy, Wesley, stayed on, too much frightened to move. One of the old men said, 'Oh, see the little boy,' and, taking him off unharmed, burned himself. They took the horses off at once, and tied a wire to the hay-rick, and the other end to the horses; but when they pulled, it only broke and sent them plunging forwards. News was at once sent to father, who could do nothing. All we could do was to stand and watch it burn. Every team that came along stopped, but it did no good, for the hay-rack and hay were burned, and only the wheels and the boards that held them together were left, and they were scorched too. We sold the farm, and came to Coaticook, where we are now. I have three sisters, and two brothers. We go to school, that is, the three eldest, Mary, Wesley and I. School is about a quarter of a mile from here. JOHN E. C.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—This is not a very large place, but there is a big river flowing right through here, called the Shubenacadie River. There is a large railway bridge over the Shubenacadie River, which has, I think, six or seven piers. We have had some pretty cold weather here, and some days it is too cold to have school. I cannot recommend the 'Northern Messenger' enough. I think it is just a lovely paper. I wish I had signed long ago. I know a family who have been taking the 'Messenger' for about twenty-eight years. I have one grandma living, and she lives in Halifax. 'SALLY ANN.'

Victoria Cross, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—Two years ago Christmas I went on a trip with my uncle to Summerside to visit my aunt, who lives there. Her husband is principal of the Summerside High School. We went by train, and had a very pleasant trip. I have read five of Charles Sheldon's books. This Christmas I got a volume of Whittier's poems. This summer I hunted for Scripture texts. I have one grandma and one grandpa living. I have five brothers and one sister.

E. B. M.

Woodstock.

Dear Editor,—My father teaches the Bible-class in the Sunday-school. I was eight years old last April. I got a waggon for my birthday. We had a very bad storm on Jan. 21. That night my mother was going out for tea, and when they got a little way they got stuck in a snow bank. There was a house near by, and she got out and went in the house, and the man who was with her had to come home and get the bob sleighs to bring her back, and she got home all right. They had to leave the sleigh on the side of the road.

DOUGLAS S.

Baddeck, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother and I have a large Newfoundland dog named 'Harlaw.' We have two horses, 'Kimberly' and 'Clare,' and a colt named 'Romeo.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

MARGUERITE E. McA.

Coaticook, Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. The Sunday-school gave the scholars a drive recently. We had a fine time playing, then we had a supper. The children in the smallest class had a little table and some little chairs all to themselves, then the larger children had larger tables and chairs. The water is failing all over this part of the country, and we cannot get hardly any water; they shut off the electric lights about nine in the evening. MARY L. J.

East Wentworth, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and four brothers. We had a pet rabbit, but it got killed a little while ago. Then my brother caught another one, but the cat killed it. We had a couple of crows, but one died, and we took the other back to the nest. I will be eight years old on March 22. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for thirty-seven years. Kate Alice C., if you would be kind enough to tell your last name, I might write to you. I can play a little on the organ. I live near the mountain. LENA B. W.

Blandford Station.

Dear Editor,—Father has taken the 'Messenger' for over twenty-five years. We like it very much. I go to school, and like my teacher very well. I have a little over a mile to go. I like the summer better than the winter. We are a mile from the post-office. I have nine brothers and two sisters, and there are three boys and two girls at home. We have two hundred acres of land, and have thirty cows. We send our milk to the factory. We have six horses and about fifty hogs and fifty hens. I have three brothers in Alberta, and one brother in North Dakota. My brothers in Alberta have twelve hundred and eighty acres of land.

WALTER S. (aged 11).

Conn's Mills, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received a Bible from the publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' as a premium for getting four subscriptions to your paper. I like it very much. Conn's Mills is a pretty little place. We have a schoolhouse, a post-office, a railway station, a grist mill, and a saw mill. Our church is about a mile and a half from Conn's Mills, down the Pugwash River. I have two cats. One of them has six toes on each paw. I have two brothers and two sisters, all older than myself. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

SARAH M. (aged 13).

South Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and two sisters. My papa and my two oldest brothers work in the woods, and we are quite lonesome sometimes, especially when it storms. I have about a mile to go to school. I have not been able to go much lately, as we have had the mumps. I have a dog; his name is Bobbie. We have a colt called Nell, and I tend to it.

WILLIE H. S. (aged 12).

North Bay.

Dear Editor,—We have not noticed any letters from North Bay, and this being a very important railway centre, I thought I would like to tell you a little about it. It is situated along the shore of Lake Nipissing. There is a nice, wide sandy shore which makes it quite safe for children's pleasure—bathing, etc. This is quite a summer resort. American tourists camp here every summer. There are five churches, two public schools and one separate school, and in the spring they are going to build a new high school. A large new hospital (Victorian Order) will be opened very soon. I have four sisters, named Dorothy, Graham, Helen and Alice, younger than I am. We go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' which we enjoy. My Grandma Cormack read the story of 'Daph and Her Charge' to my mother when she was a little girl, and now she is reading it again to her grandchildren. I am very fond of reading. Some books I have read are—The Elsie, Pansy, and Rosa Carey's books, 'Lovey Mary,' 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' and ever so many more. I am now reading 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' by Kate Wiggin. My birthday is on July 2.

BESSIE C. A. (aged 12).

Inholmes.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some time, and like it very much. I am a little boy twelve years old. I have a dog named Cap. He is a St. Bernard, and is only a pup. He is about six months old. I live on a farm, and help to tend to fifteen head of cattle, twenty-seven sheep, two horses. Papa drives the stage—forty-four miles. I have three brothers and four sisters. We have over three feet of snow here now.

FRED. H.

North River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. My father has taken it a great many years. My great-great-grandfather was with General Wolfe when he captured Quebec. I live a mile and three-quarters from the school, and do not go very regularly in winter. ORESSA J.

Lower Truro, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing the society called the Royal League of Kindness in the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would try to keep the following rules:—

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

Hoping your society will have many members, GRACE M. J.

Carlton Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. For pets I have a rabbit and a calf. I call the calf 'Blossom' and the rabbit 'Snowball.' My papa has been in British Columbia for over four years. I have three dolls. I have a parlor set, and there is a piano, lounge, table, lamp, stool, and five chairs. My birthday is on July 19. I am eleven years old. J. M. K.

East End.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this place, I thought I would write and describe it. It is on the east side of Cape Sable Island, and is very hard to farm. Most of the men go lobstering in the winter, and fishing in the summer. So they do not get much chance to farm. The railway is about three miles from here, and is on the mainland. I have taken the 'Messenger' ever since Christmas, and think it is a very nice paper. Almost every boy and girl takes it around here. RITCHIE S. (aged 14).

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Selected Recipes.

Tea Cake.—One pound flour, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, seven eggs and half a pint of cream.

In Selecting a Goose, an infallible test is to run the thumb or forefinger under the wing, where it joins the body. If the finger goes readily through the skin into the flesh the bird is positively young; any resistance means an old fowl. This is the only sure means of detecting age in geese that I know of.—'N.E. Homestead.'

Potato Salad.—Boil potatoes that are firm and waxy when cooked. Cut them in slices, grate a medium-sized onion and mix it with these, add pepper, salt, vinegar and oil to taste. The quantity of oil should be about three times the amount of vinegar used. Eat with entire wheat bread.

A 'World Wide' Agent Earns Over $5.00 In a Day.

About a week ago a young man just out of school called at the 'Witness' Office and asked for work. We had no vacancy on the staff, and said so.

'But will you put my name down for the next vacancy?'

And there was something about the young man's manner that attracted the manager's attention.

'Look here,' said he, 'I've no vacancy on the staff, but you can earn money and get good training as a canvasser, by getting subscribers for our publications.'

'What commission do you allow?'

'To special agents securing new subscribers we allow the very generous commission of ————.'

'Well, the commissions seem large. I'll work for you. When and where will I start?'

'You will take the next train for your own home town, and begin your business career among those who know you. Here are subscription forms and receipt blanks and sample copies, and—good success to you.'

* * * * * * *

The young man left Montreal Monday evening. Started work on Tuesday morning, and before night he had earned $5.15 for himself, besides what he collected for us. Pretty good for a fellow who never did any canvassing and never had any business experience except what he had got on his father's farm. That young man will be successful in life, and at present will have a large income for one so young; and what is still more worth while, he is learning the art of dealing with people.

There is a similar young man in every community—one who 'can and will' do things. It would be good for his community and it would be good for him, and it would increase the circulation of our publications, if he would offer his services, or if his friends would send us his name in case he should not see this himself.

No commissions allowed in Montreal.

Full particulars will be sent on application to John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

CANADIAN PATENTS GRANTED TO FOREIGN INVENTORS.

The following list of Canadian patents recently obtained through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C., shows that foreign inventors understand the advisability of protecting their inventions in our country.

Nos. 84,832, Fredrik Ljungstrom, Stockholm, Sweden, milking machine; 84,847, Arthur H. Borgstrom, Hango, Finland, process of manufacturing faultless butter from hard frozen cream; 85,000, Richard E. Pennington, Carlton, Australia, nut-locking spring washers adapted for securing nuts on fish bolts; 85,012, Kaspar Kottmann, Zurich, Switzerland, electrically driven mechanism for sawing logs; 85,167, Gustaf O. Peterson, Dalsbruk, Finland, furnace or kiln for roasting finely crushed ore, etc; 85,174, Hubert Emonds, Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, arc lamps with oxigen pump; 85,178, Louis Rouy, Paris, France, zither; 85,192, C. C. van der Valk, Voorburg, Holland, safety devices for strong current overhead conductors; 85,233, Messrs. Carmichael, Paris, France, process for oiling and finishing textile material; 85,446, Paul de Hemptinne, Ghent, Belgium, apparatus or appliances for use in casting hollow ingots by the aid of centrifugal force; 85,449, Julio Guimaraes, Hamburg, Germany, photographic apparatus; 85,476, Leon Lemaire, Puteaux, France, gas generator for gas engines.

Lenten Thought.

Articles on religious themes are being carefully selected for 'World Wide' columns. There is a particularly good one in this week's issue. Of all newsdealers at three cents, or of the publishers. Subscription price one dollar a year. John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

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Handsome Fur Scarf and Ring FREE

We trust you with **14** large, beautiful Gold Filigree Heart-shaped Lockets, each enclosing a medallion of Oriental Perfume, the most fragrant and durable Perfume in the world (never before sold for less than 25c.), to sell for us at **only 15c.** each. A certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **No trouble to sell our beautiful Perfumed Lockets.** The first 14 people you meet will gladly buy when you say they are only 15c. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **Handsome, stylish Fur Scarf, over 40 inches long,** that looks exactly like one costing $10, made of beautiful, soft, warm, black Coney Fur from specially selected skins, with six large bushy tails and a handsome neck and chain fastener. If you write us at once to send you the Lockets, and sell them and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **FREE, in addition to the Fur Scarf,** an elegant gold-finished **Opal Ring** in a velvet-lined case as an **extra present.** Ladies and girls, you will find our Lockets the easiest sellers you ever handled, and our presents the most beautiful ever given away. Don't fail to write at once. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 435 Toronto, Ont.**

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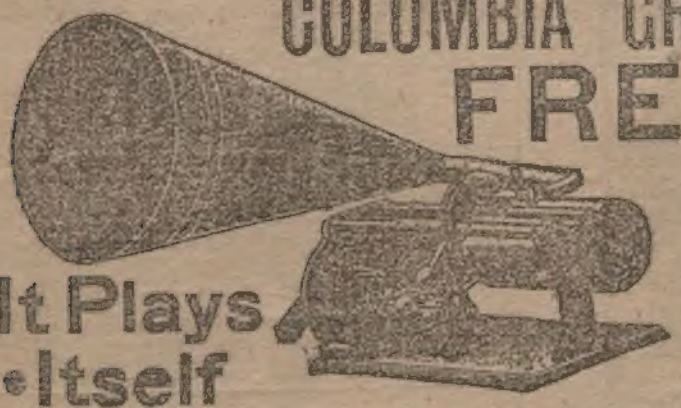

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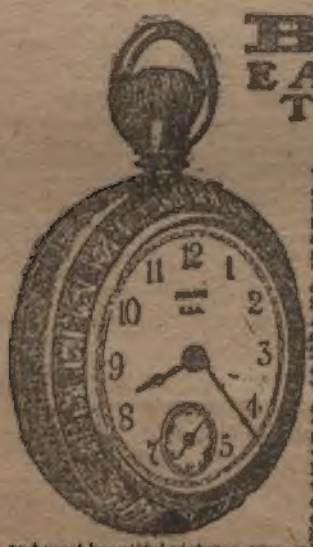

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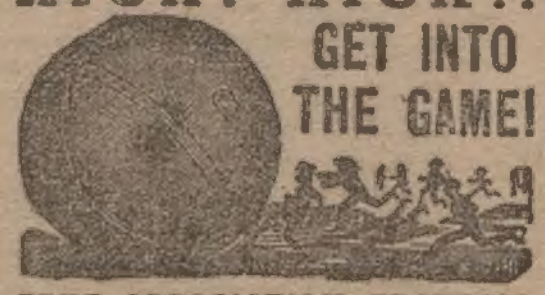

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for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with roses and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 414 Toronto.**

EASILY EARNED

Boys you can easily earn this large finely made Magic Lantern that shows dozens of large beautifully colored Pictures of all kinds, animals, clowns' performance, ships, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, etc., etc., by selling only 1 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw.** Write us at once and we will send the Seeds postpaid and in a few days you will be making lots of money giving magic Lantern shows. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 475, TORONTO**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 6 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well-made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

FREE TO BOYS PRINTING PRESS AND THREE DRAWER OUTFIT COMPLETE

$5 A WEEK Easily Earned

BOYS—Any afternoon you can sell our Sweet Pea Seeds and easily earn this complete **Printing Press,** with **3 drawer Oak Cabinet Outfit; a Hamilton Rifle; 1,000 Shot Repeating Rifle; large Magic Lantern; Gold Watch and Chain; Camera, with 28-piece Outfit,** or choice of **DOZENS** of other presents that will delight every boy. Send name and address to-day; we send **TRUST YOU** you **FREE,** postpaid, and with 24 large packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to every purchaser.) Every package contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold send us the money we ship the present you select. Our boys say: "Sold the Seeds in less than half an hour." "They sell at sight." "My premium came all right, it's a dandy." Costs nothing to try. Address **The Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 431, Toronto

Beautiful Presents FREE

For a Few Minutes' Easy Work. No Money Required

Simply send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid and trust you with **20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. No trouble to sell our Seeds when you say that every package contains **the finest mixture in the world, over 60** different varieties, all giant sweet scented flowers in every imaginable color. **A certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return us the money and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.**

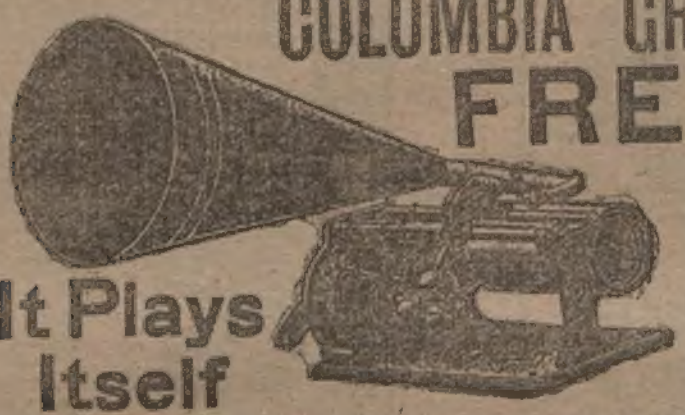
21 INCHES HIGH

with long, golded curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and moveable head, arms and legs. Her handsome dress is elegantly trimmed with ribbons and lace, and she has a beautiful hat to match, as shown in the picture, also stockings, slippers, and lace trimmed underwear. **Girls, remember,** you get this handsome Doll, beautifully dressed from head to foot—**worth $2,00 cash in any store**—absolutely free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds, and if you sell the Seeds and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you a handsome Solid Gold finished **Ring**, set with a **large magnificent Fire Opal** in a velvet lined Box, **free as an extra present**, and **if you write us at once** we will give you an opportunity to get this beautiful Gold finished **double Hunting case Watch FREE in addition to your other presents** without selling any more Seeds, **Remember,** no other Company gives such valuable presents for doing so little work. You will find our Sweet Pea packages the fastest sellers you ever saw. **Write us to-day.** We guarantee to treat you right. The Publishers of this paper will tell you that we always do exactly what we say. Address **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 433 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

MAGNIFICENT CARVERS FREE

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, 1 doz. large packages of early-blooming **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. Every package contains the finest mixture in the world, **over 60** different varieties, all large flowering deliciously fragrant and beautifully colored. **They are the fastest sellers you ever saw.** When sold return the money and for your trouble we will send you this **handsome set of carvers,** full size, made of the best English tempered steel, with finest quality stag horn handles, and silver ferrules. **You could not buy this set of Carvers in any store in Canada for less than $2,00 cash** and the only reason we can give them for selling so little is because we were fortunate in securing a special lot from a large manufacturer in England at a greatly reduced price. This is the greatest chance for you in the whole paper. Write us at once or they may be all gone by the time your letter reaches us. Address, **THE PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 416 Toronto, Ont.**

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE FREE



It Plays Itself

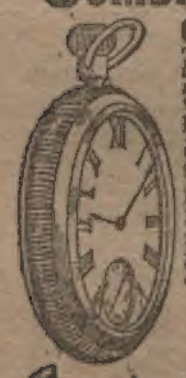
It plays every kind of instrumental music, sings every class of songs, tells you all kinds of funny stories.

SEND NO MONEY, Just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn, all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated. Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'm going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a coaching that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $50.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure, **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 409, **Toronto**

also one musical and one funny record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie,

HANDSOME WATCH and COMBINATION KNIFE

Given Away **FREE**



The Watch has a Solid Silver nickel case, fancy edge, hard enamelled dial, hour, minute and seconds hands, and is fitted with a reliable and accurate American movement. With care it will last 10 years. The Knife is made of best English steel and has 2 fine blades, a cork screw, glass cutter, etc. **Remember** you get **BOTH** the Watch and the Knife absolutely free if you will sell only 2 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. Every package contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color, and we give a certificate worth 50c. free with each one. **Everybody buys them. They are the fastest sellers you ever saw.**

Send name and address to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid.

Address—**The Seed Supply Co., Toronto, Ont.**

Handsome Presents FREE

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address and we will mail you postpaid **10** large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at 10c. each. **No trouble to sell our Seeds** when you tell your friends that every package contains the finest mixture in the world of **over 60** different varieties, all giant flowers, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. We also give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this **beautiful Ring.** Solid Gold finished and set with **Rubies and Pearls,** and, **if you send us your name and address at once,** we will give you an opportunity to get this handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case Watch,** elegantly engraved, that looks exactly like a **$50.00 Solid Gold Watch, FREE, in addition to the Ring,** without selling any more Seeds. This is a grand chance, [illegible] it. **THE SEED SUPPLY CO., DEPT 411 TORONTO**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 10c., post-paid, [illegible] N, Box 401, Toronto

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.

LADIES' WATCH AND OPAL RING Free

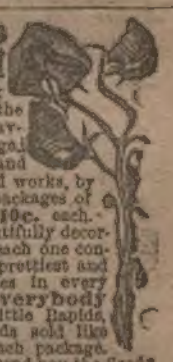
Send no Money

Just your name and address, and we will mail you postpaid, **16 Oriental Arabian Perfumed Lockets,** each consisting of a beautiful Gold Filigree Heart Shaped Locket, enclosing a medallion of Oriental perfume, highly odorized from millions of roses, the most fragrant and durable perfume in the world. These beautiful Lockets sell everywhere for 25c., and people are glad to buy. You sell them for **only 15c.,** and give **a certificate worth 50c. free with each one,** return the money, and for your trouble we will give you this **beautiful little Lady's Watch** with fancy gold hands, on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors, and if you send us your name and address at once and sell the lockets and return the money within a week after you receive them, we will give you **free in addition to the watch** a handsome gold finished **ring set with a large, magnificent Fire Opal** that glistens with all the beautiful colors of the rainbow. Ladies and girls, write us to-day. You can easily sell the lockets in half an hour and we know you will be more than delighted with these two beautiful presents. Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept 434 Toronto.**

FUR SCARF FREE

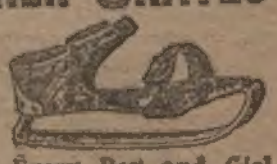
Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at 10c. each only 20 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speiss, Moose Mills, Ont., says: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 434 Toronto.

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455, TORONTO, Ont.**

WIDE RUNNER SKATES FREE



Barrels of Fun for Every Boy and Girl

You can SKATE—COAST—SLIDE

Wherever there is snow, sleet or ice; either on street, hill, walk, crusted snowbank or anywhere else with a pair of our wide runner skates, made of special steel, any size, handsomely finished, which we give away free for selling only 2 doz. packages fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at 10c. each. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. They are the best sellers you ever saw. A certificate worth 50c. free with each package. Boys and Girls, write to-day, sure, and we will mail Seeds postpaid at once. Address Prize Seed Co., Dept. 104, Toronto.

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